The COMMONWEAL

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THE WEEK 299

AMERICAN ARMED MIGHT *Harry Lorin Binsse* 302

TWO LETTERS: 1940-1945 305

THE SCREEN *Philip T. Hartung* 309

MORGAN'S MIRROR *Anne Fremantle* 310

SAINT THOMAS *Yves R. Simon* 313

EDITORS' CHOICE 314
The World, the Flesh and Father Smith—The Leper King—The Wayfarers

MORE BOOKS OF THE WEEK 315
The Lambs—A Price for Peace—Christian Denominations

THE INNER FORUM 318

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Intolerance

IT IS a sad portent for the American future that anti-Catholic propaganda in the United States is on the increase. It is our general policy to ignore attacks on the Church, for we do not believe that in the long run anything is served by polemics of this sort. If a person of known capacity accuses the Vatican or the hierarchy of any country of something demonstrably untrue, obviously one is obliged to take notice of the accusation and, if only for the record, refute it. But this is not what is happening today. Remarkably little criticism of the Church is to be found coming from truly responsible and able Americans. What is happening, rather, is a consistent campaign on the part of persons who are either unknown or who are known to be almost professionally anti-Catholic. One of the few and honorable exceptions is the *Christian Century,* with which periodical a Catholic will often disagree, but the caliber and tone of which every honest Catholic must respect. Would that as much could be said for such papers as the *Protestant* and the *Churchman*—the latter a magazine which seems to have been entirely captivated by the anti-Catholic sector of the communist line. This sort of continuous baiting, some of it in excessively bad taste, some of it based upon actual occurrences by no means typical and all of it informed with a systematic spirit of distortion and a systematic refusal of understanding, possesses all those earmarks of mental disease which characterize anti-Semitism, hatred of Russia, hatred of Japanese Americans, hatred of any portion of mankind.

We have recently heard reports of a speech along these same lines given before an Eastern State CIO gathering by a radio commentator for whom we have hitherto had a certain respect. In this speech he is reported to have informed his audience—in considerable part a Catholic audience—that priests receive precise instructions from their bishops as to what they shall say about communist Russia. The speaker further indicated that he had been a Catholic himself until the time of the Spanish Civil War, and that he had then left the Church. Either he was a Catholic who knew nothing about how a diocese functions, or else he has allowed his mind to be infected with the virus to which we have alluded. For as anyone with any knowledge of clerical life must be aware, bishops simply do not give instructions of this sort. If they wish to convey their opinion on a political controversy to the people of the diocese, they do so by means of an official and open pastoral letter.

But as has been said, it is not our custom or policy to protest every asinine imputation against the Church, imputations always based upon the assumption that within the hierarchy, if not within the clergy and laity, there is a docile unanimity of the sort so many people attribute—with far more semblance of truth—to the world's various communist parties. It may not be out of order, however, for us to point out that Catholics often supply admirable ammunition to their enemies. We do not mean incidents of the sort which both the *Protestant* and the *Churchman* love to play up—the most recent being that of the Brooklyn public school which was literally put out of commission because of the vandalism of three parochial school boys who broke in and destroyed much of its equipment. Such vandalism, if it in fact occurred, every Catholic deeply deplores and regrets. What we mean, rather, is ill-conceived publication, without any frame of historical reference, of pamphlet popularizations, especially popularizations of historic documents. Encyclicals are nearly always issued in response to specific sets of circumstances. Everyone knows that circumstances may change, and especially that the meanings attributed to words can change radically. But the official text of an encyclical cannot change. Hence things which may have been perfectly understandable in the last century will, without historical commentary, mean something totally different today. A good specimen of this is a recent pamphlet issued by one of our Catholic presses which is described as "A popularized

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edition of the Encyclical *Immortale Dei*"—one of the great encyclicals of Leo XIII, issued on November 1, 1885. Understood in the historic frame of reference of its day, this encyclical is a political milestone. But in the pamphlet to which we allude it is presented not only without any hint of the then political situation, but in simplified language, with all subtleties rigorously removed.

Thus we here read "The real meaning of separation of Church and State is domination of the Church by the State . . ." What a perfect weapon for the intolerant! The fact that the sort of separation of Church and State practiced in America was *not* what Leo XIII was talking about is not even mentioned, and since this statement is demonstrably untrue in the American pattern, all we do by publishing it is to supply a fresh target for the Kenneth Leslies.

The FEPC

THE RECENT debate in the United States Senate concerning the extension of appropriations for the Fair Employment Practices Committee—if it deserves even to be called a debate—has elicited at least one amazing thing: the speech by Senator Eastland, which that honorable gentleman began by saying: "Mr. President, I am not engaging in a filibuster," but which, with occasional interpolations, extends over fourteen three-column pages of the *Congressional Record*. This speech should be read attentively by anyone wishing to discover likenesses between the nazi and the American mind. It begins by attributing all efforts to improve the lot of American Negroes to the Communist Party. The fact that many of our leading Negro citizens are violently anti-communist, even to the point of obsession, is, of course, not mentioned. The fact that the spearhead of white attempts to improve the conditions of Negro life in the first instance, during the decades after the Civil War, came from extremely conservative Protestant religious bodies is unknown to Mr. Eastland. From this interesting analysis of racial tension, the Senator proceeds to blackguard the entire record of Negro soldiers and sailors in the war. Nowhere does he give evidence of knowing that any members of the race have been decorated for conspicuous bravery. In fact to read him, you would believe that every Negro soldier and sailor is a rapist, a coward, and a disgrace to his country. Mr. Eastland then goes on to call for the deportation of Sidney Hillman, as a most dangerous communist and the leading advocate of the FEPC. His next subject is Liberia. He has a wonderful time reading from what he implies is a League of Nations report on conditions in that country, although the language he quotes is so far removed from the documentary style of such reports that one cannot help feeling that his real source must have been an extremely anti-Negro exegesis on a League report. But perhaps we are doing both him and the author of this particular document an injustice. His final topic is an exhaustive analysis of the present FEPC personnel. In this analysis there is remarkably little except abusive language and heavy emphasis on the number of Negroes employed by this agency—the very purpose of which is to secure fair employment practices for Negroes. Here are two phrases of Senator Eastland's which may suffice to end our account of this extraordinary speech: "High racial pride, one of the finest attributes of mankind, is in the breast of the white man everywhere . . ." "Governor Dewey, a man who has betrayed his race . . ."

"Christian Democrats"

THERE was a curious little dispatch from Rome the day after the composition of the new Italian (Parri) government was announced. The dispatch said that Catholic circles were disappointed that the Christian Democrat members of the cabinet had been given rather second-rate jobs.

In order that Catholic circles in this country be preserved from any contagion of disappointment, it may be useful to say something about the history of Christian democracy and the present status of Christian Democratic political parties.

In nineteenth century Europe the term Christian democracy, the term Christian democrat were terms that frightened people: not the people who were forming modern Europe—they ignored them—not the working people of Europe, or the poor—they had not discovered them. The term Christian democracy only frightened Christians and to be precise Catholics. It has to be said plainly that Catholics were unhappy about the word democracy and they grew even more unhappy when it was tied to the word Christian. Because they were thinking on a doctrinal plane in which the word democracy, like the word social, the word socialist, the word progress, represented at the time—had a content given to them at the time—which made them definite dangers to orthodoxy. On the doctrinal plane. The Popes had to worry about Christian democracy just as much as they did about modernism. Because not seldom the people who wanted Christian democracy got it all mixed up with modernism. And sometimes the same people wanted both.

It was a period of total confusion and one of immense fascination because of the character of the men involved: Lamennais, Montalembert, Rosmini—all these people in and out of the Church, in and out of trouble, and so many of them sincere and so many of them sacrificed. So many of them who if they were working now might not have any difficulties with the Church.

The body of Christians is always sending out these

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explorers and sometimes like Columbus they think they know but do not know where they are going. To move anywhere is dangerous and this dialectic within the Christian body always exposes to danger.

The times were fascinating and one of the troubles was this. All these social values, these political values had been closely linked with the French Revolution. Democracy had become a religion instead of a technique—and if it was a religion then of course it was necessarily a heresy. And so where the various Restorations were attempted, or where monarchies of various sorts still managed to hold out, the idea of democracy, the idea that men should vote, or form trade unions, the idea of social or political democracy, the idea of progress, the idea of social security—all seemed to Catholics the ideas of the enemy. But as this obviously was absurd—or would become absurd if Catholics filled the vacuum they had unfortunately allowed to come into existence—there were more and more Catholics, as time passed, who wanted to put the word Catholic next to the word democracy. And next to all the other words. Because, after all, those words meant essential human needs, human rights, human freedom, legitimate endeavor. The Catholic plan admitted that men should suffer always, but it did not authorize and confirm, until the world should end, that men should be oppressed by their fellow men economically or politically.

Finally things got a little cleared up. The French were permitted finally, at the time of the Ralliement, to use the instrument called the Republic. French Catholics used it too little and too late. And if you have to say that about the French, what in the world can you say about any other country in Europe. One can say simply that there was an immense tragedy in Europe, and that this tragedy prepared the wars. In part the tragedy was that Catholic thinking (and Catholic personnel) was withheld from the political, social and economic life of the Continent. And this is only saying with the Pope that the Church had lost contact with the masses of the people.

Catholics started to take action. Particularly between the two wars. They started too late. They were very busy between the two wars. Don Sturzo in Italy, Bidault in France—the Catholic trade union movement, the Catholic social movement. But to these efforts not enough time was granted.

The war, the second war, came down over Europe and you could see nothing anymore. You heard the cries—or at least after a month or so there would be the echo here of some hostage crying out before he was shot—you heard the persistent crying out of people all over Europe who were refusing to be enslaved, and it is only now that we can look at Europe and see what the war has destroyed and what it has left.

It left only the idea of Christian democracy, and the idea of communism. These two ideas are the only two ideas that have survived. It is not a question of the immediate political weight of the parties that represent them. Particularly in respect to the Christian democratic parties we have at the moment a false perspective which has come to us through what we know of the Resistance Movement in France and the presence in the French Government of men who are Christian democrats. Or of men in the Italian Government who are Christian democrats. When we could look at France aagin after the liberation, we saw that the head of the French Resistance Movement had been Georges Bidault, actually Foreign Minister, and of course we are proud indeed to think that a Catholic and a democrat should have been trusted by all the non-Catholic elements and by the communist elements in the Resistance. And so when we saw Bidault and the other Catholics in the French Government, it was natural for us to think that the French Christian democrat political party had risen to great political power. It was natural for us to hope that the Italian Christian democrats would also rise to power and the Belgians and the Dutch and so on. Natural and extremely dangerous. Because in France, for instance, the Christian democrats represent a minority among the Catholic French citizens, and a very small minority among French citizens in general. And clearly it is impossible to place our hopes in any government by a minority.

It is necessary to say the same thing regarding Italy. It is necessary to say that in no country of Europe are Christian democrats presently qualified to govern under normal democratic procedure.

Then why is it that one still may say that the Christian democrat idea is, with that of communism, the only idea that has survived the war? Because the idea of Christian democracy no longer belongs exclusively to the minority groups of Catholics who were the first to formulate it in political parties and action. And because also the idea of democracy itself no longer belongs exclusively to anti-Catholic forces; it is no longer imprisoned in the historical process which made it appear to be an un-Christian idea. Consequently the task of the Catholic Christian democratic political parties is now a different task from the one that faced them in the pre-war days. Because now their aims and their principles are acceptable to more Catholics than before, to all sorts of people who are not Catholics. In fact their aims and principles are the only ones which still permit men to hope that they can live in freedom and in justice.

And so now the Christian democrats can work in all the countries of Europe to preserve man's dignity and freedom within a democratic and *pluralistic* system. But they need no longer work alone. They can no longer work alone. Men everywhere who formerly opposed them will now work with them. Because everywhere men are seeing each day more clearly that the word Christian attached to the word democracy means no threat to democracy. They see that it defines and guarantees democracy. They see that democracy unless it be Christian democracy is in danger of not being democracy at all.

From America we watch the Christian democrats at work in Europe, not with any hope that the political party they form in each nation will dominate and govern, but knowing only that in taking their share with many others in the task of building up a democratic Europe, Catholics too are at work.

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American Armed Might

We seem resolved to preserve it: how can we most wisely do so?

Harry Lorin Binsse

FOR THE best part of a year the debate has continued as to whether the United States wishes to have peacetime universal military training, and if so, what sort of training. A subsidiary question is whether so grave a decision should be made now, or should be postponed until the war is over and those at present overseas can have a chance to share in the debate. From the outset THE COMMONWEAL has opposed universal peacetime training on the generally accepted pattern, with at least a year of service for all physically fit young men and a vast permanent officer corps to administer this training. Almost a year ago I suggested in these columns that Americans give some consideration to the Swiss system, as avoiding substantially all the dangers inherent in more conventional procedures and as being far more consonant with our tradition. This suggestion has found few supporters, probably because it makes no appeal to the military mind and is totally out of tune with the principal selfish interest involved—the eagerness of the least desirable element in our reserve officers' circles to perpetuate their present jobs and prestige.

It has become obvious, from recent congressional hearings on the subject, that what we face is either an immediate or postponed alternative: universal training for a minimum of a year, with reserve status thereafter and possible "refresher" courses, or else a return to the voluntary professional army and navy which has been our usual peacetime practice. Confronted with such a clearcut choice, I earnestly hope that we shall prefer the latter. Nor do I view the argument that our present soldiers and sailors should have a voice in the decision—an argument vehemently urged by Drew Pearson, among others—as anything more than demagogy. I should like to see the decision postponed merely because in that way we are less likely to be saddled with a terribly dangerous system which could easily prove as disastrous to the peace of a world in which disequilibrium provokes war as to our own military safety.

At the outset let us clearly understand one thing: there are two classes of persons whose testimony on broad military policy should be properly discounted, namely the "professional" pacifists and the professional officers. The former will oppose everything military since they oppose war absolutely, and the military organization of a country exists for no real purpose other than war. Hence everything they say will be colored by a bias which must stultify their judgments in this matter. Their tragic error is to forget that the basic breeder of war is the nation-state, nationalism, and not armies and navies. So, instead of devoting their efforts to the creation of the only order which can abolish war, a world legislative union, they tragically waste their time and our patience propagating what common sense alone—the common sense of the most ordinary of men—detects as folly.

Professional officers, of course, are in a different position. They are special servants of the community who have devoted their whole lives to the defense of the community. They are morally bound to look at everything from this special point of view, and they have learned from bitter experience what a sweat it is to prepare the nation for war *after* the world is on fire. One of their great problems in a nation like ours is discipline. They are shocked at civilian indiscipline and naturally and honestly jump to the conclusion that the way to remedy both difficulties is to give every able-bodied youth a measure of indoctrination in the military life. But here again an occupational bias corrupts judgment. The testimony of our ablest officers is invaluable concerning our *needs;* the question of the *means* used to fulfil those needs is a political and moral, not a military question. It should be solved in accordance with criteria of political and moral, not military, wisdom. In the last analysis the greatest wisdom in these matters rests with the people, including in that term the traditions of the people and the political and moral leadership of the people. For if a decision is reached which is profoundly at odds with the spirit and tradition of the people, the result will be bad. American boys, we are told, do not like discipline. If this is true, and it certainly would seem to be, you can convince them of the need for discipline (conviction is an absolute prerequisite to achieving the discipline you desire) only in times of crisis, or under conditions where they voluntarily

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accept discipline. Herding them by force into training camps will, by reaction, produce precisely the opposite effect of what was intended—it will produce toughness and rowdyism and an even greater indiscipline, because it will produce bitter hatred in place of healthy dislike. This is the sort of social analysis which the military mind—for reasons in no sense discreditable—almost never can make, or even understand.

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The debate on peacetime military training, therefore, has been crowded with irrelevancies. The real questions we should ask our generals and admirals, and the questions on which they are above all competent, are relatively simple. What is the minimum peacetime military establishment which you consider compatible with our national security? On what do you base your decisions? What sort of human material would you prefer at all levels in this peacetime establishment? Once these questions have been answered (and no one, so far as I have observed, has yet asked them, let alone answered them) the answers should be weighed by Congress, and if they are judged reasonable in the light of the world's present and probable future situation, the means to satisfy the requirements of the military should be determined by Congress, under the general guidance of our traditions, of the will of the electorate and of our wisest civilian leaders.

Instead of doing this, and for a variety of reasons the chief of which is a lamentable lack of leadership, we have plunged into a senseless debate on means before we even consider the ends those means are supposed to accomplish; and as is always the case when a debate is beside the point, we discover here a conflict of hidden selfish interests sufficient to disgust many an honest man with the workings of democracy. Since our military leaders themselves give every evidence of being radically confused as to what they really want, public opinion tends to solidify against their stated demands, and they in turn become more convinced than ever that the people is a great beast. But the ultimate blame for this lies not with the generals and admirals, who are trying to do the best they can in the most honest way they can, but with the political leaders who have not asked the right questions in the right way.

The world in which we shall have to live after the war is a world in which distances have shrunk to, let us say, about a tenth of their former magnitude. The world's effective power, which has hitherto been somewhat spread out, in a dozen or more hands, is now concentrated in three, with two or three additional *potential* centers for the future—one in Asia, one in Europe, one in South America. Thus the United States has lost most of its buffers. Any armed conflict in which we become involved will involve us at once and directly, not by slow stages. Hence there is every reason—political as well as military—that, still living in a world of nation-states, and hence in a world tending toward war rather than toward peace, our peacetime military establishment must be greater than ever before in our history. Should the new international organization at present so limited in its scope develop in the direction of truly limiting national sovereignties—all sovereignties, great as well as small—one of the first changes possible would be in the size of the armed establishments of the various areas of the world. But all that is now a long ways off, both politically and morally.

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How large an establishment, then, should we maintain after the war? I am no military man, but I am willing to hazard a rough guess with which I have reason to suspect our military leaders would substantially agree. Let us assume that our naval forces should number about 500,000, our land forces 300,000 and our air forces 200,000. The total complement would be 1,000,000. What is most desirable, obviously, is an establishment large enough to cushion, by itself, the shock of an attack, while at the same time operating the expanded wartime training program which would in such case be necessary for ultimate success. At the same time the establishment must be small enough to be within the nation's economic means and also small enough to permit the development of new matériel without exhausting the treasury by overheavy charges for replacement through obsolescence. Arsenals full of obsolete equipment are the greatest known deterrent to legislative voting of funds for research and modernization, and it is at once apparent that an over-large establishment is likely to err in this direction, just as the French did during the twenties and thirties, when the much smaller German army could readily afford to keep abreast of the scientific times.

With a million men under arms, what sort of personnel is most desirable? Clearly experience should be a major factor. The navy, for example, finds that it takes about three years in peacetime to produce a man of top efficiency, though of course in wartime a far shorter training period will turn out men who perform heroically in combat. But it must always be remembered that the incentive in peacetime is far less pressing than in wartime, and that in peacetime an armed establishment can afford to concern itself with trimmings, most valuable in themselves, which in wartime bear their fruit, but are simply not feasible in expedited training programs. If all

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this be granted, is it not highly absurd for generals and admirals to offer one year's compulsory training of all healthy boys as a solution to our needs? Would they not themselves be far better off with an annual enlistment of less than two hundred thousand volunteers, each serving at least six years?

The answer to this is that never in our history have we been able to recruit any such numbers in peacetime, and that so far as professional officer personnel is concerned, we have never been able even to approach anything like sufficient numbers to handle any such force. We might be able to get enough young men into our academies, greatly expanded as they would have to be, but we couldn't hold them in the army and navy after they had served the requisite number of years. The attractions of civilian life are too great.

It is true, of course, that in terms of sheer numbers universal peacetime training would solve the problem of an adequate enlisted personnel, but it likewise remains true that this enlisted personnel would fall far short of the optimum in experience. How such training could solve the problem of officer personnel, deponent sayeth not. The best of the present reserve officers—and a magnificent best it is—will in vast majority want to return to civil life, which will leave us with what is still a mere handful of academy graduates, another handful of capable reserves who have developed a liking for military life, and a horde of the least desirable reserves, who are now enjoying a prosperity and status beyond anything they had ever experienced before this war.

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Upon analysis it turns out that compulsory peacetime training really does not solve the most elementary problems of our peacetime armed establishment, hence the great emphasis which its proponents place on the need for "disciplining" American youth. If by discipline is meant a greater sense of social and civic responsibility, every American must agree. Yet are the barracks and the top sergeant the best means of producing what we all must admit is needed? Why not attack this problem at its real root, our school system? At that level much can be done without running the risks of revulsion and total irresponsibility which camp life is likely to engender, especially when imposed on unwilling youth in times of peace.

What alternative remains? It is true that we have never been able to attract large numbers of young men into the enlisted ranks of our army and navy. Even during the depression, when enlistment offered many economic attractions almost totally absent in civil life for young people leaving high school, and at a time when war was raging in Europe and Asia (1940), the Navy's top enlisted strength was 160,254 and the Army's 338,501. Can we expect in any way to better this record after the war, especially if we avoid an economic depression? And also can we build up and hold an adequate officer corps?

Is not the answer basically very simple? The problem should be studied not merely from the point of view of our personnel needs, but also from the point of view of the needs of the desired personnel. Army and navy service should be made so attractive to our youth that a far larger voluntary recruitment would become possible. There are two aspects to this approach to the matter. First, the existing advantages should be made known to prospective recruits. Second, the terms of service should be brought in line, economically, with the general levels of civilian life. If these two things are not done, our problem will remain unsolved, even though we adopt universal peacetime training.

Making the existing advantages of army and navy life known to our high school population is a simple problem of public relations. Primary among these advantages are the extraordinarily effective educational techniques worked out by both services to meet the demands of modern technological warfare. If American boys knew that they could learn highly skilled trades while being paid for their time and while enjoying the finest of recreational facilities, my guess is that recruiting would go up considerably. Join the navy and see the world is nothing like as effective an inducement as join the navy and learn to be an expert radio or airplane technician—and see the world in the bargain. Some sort of working agreement with the appropriate trade unions would help greatly. I have in mind some system whereby the unions would waive apprenticeship or initiation fees in the case of army and navy personnel trained to meet union standards and seeking civilian jobs, with reasonable safeguards for the union in case jobs happened to be scarce or non-existent.

But even more important is the question of pay. And the question of promotion. Fifty dollars a month (it was twenty-one before the war) with board, keep and clothing simply is not enough. It can be argued that such pay is the equivalent of twice or three times as much in civilian life. The argument has no persuasiveness, if only because even a hundred a month all in cash looks like money while fifty plus board and keep and uniforms looks like small change. This psychological fact must be faced squarely. What is needed is not so much an increase in the basic minimum as a clearly declared system of increases in pay and promotion in rank. Thus if enlistment were for six years, with the clear assurance that adequate performance and good conduct would produce automatic pay increases

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of, say, five dollars every six months (ending with $105 per month), and further assurance that exceptional performance would lead to promotions in rank, with equivalently greater pay increases, the response from American youth would, I am certain, astonish even the most optimistic.

Here, also, would be an admirable seed-bed for officer personnel. Among such recruits some would be outstanding for their capacity. Why should they not be offered appointments to the military academies? Again financial rewards must be kept reasonably in tune with those of civilian life. With the income statistics available to the Treasury, this should not be too difficult. Civil service pay scales can also prove useful here, as standards of comparison. If the objection is raised that Congress would never agree to the expenditures necessary for such a policy, there is but one answer: has Congress been asked, and asked persuasively? And would it in fact cost more than the program now advocated?

Of course if a revulsion against all military expenditures should take place after the war, or if the people are lulled into indifference by traditional American feelings of security, the generals and the admirals will have to manage as best they can, with the devotion and patriotism under adverse conditions which has always been their chief and unsung glory. But may it not be true that acceptance of compulsory peacetime training now would lead more quickly to this public apathy than frank planning along the lines herein suggested? Gallup polls reflect public opinion in a general rather than a specific way. They show that at present the American people want us to preserve what military power we truly need after the war: peacetime training, unfortunately, has been publicized as the means to do this; hence in the recent past the public has tended to favor it. It is highly doubtful that it will continue to do so when it gradually recognizes the truth: that in fact such training can accomplish nothing of the sort. There are signs that the public is even now beginning to wonder about it.

What I propose, in short, is a strong military establishment on a volunteer basis, adequately presented to the American public and offering reasonable economic rewards, so as to appeal to young Americans as a viable career.

Two Letters: 1940-1945

A French professional man writes an American colleague

THE FOLLOWING two letters were received recently in this country under circumstances made clear by the letters themselves. Since they were written as intimate and personal messages, in no sense for publication, all proper names have been omitted so as to conceal the identity of writer and recipient. These letters in our opinion give eloquent testimony to the fineness and level-headed integrity of a man combining high scientific achievement with deep religious faith.—THE EDITORS.

August 2, 1940.

DEAR FRIEND:

What catastrophes have piled up since you sent me so affectionate a greeting last May! . . . I have constantly wanted to answer your letter, yet constantly I waited, and in vain, for better days. Now that the first act of the tragedy is over, I can at least inform you of its effects upon my own family.

My priest son, an infantry lieutenant, has been officially reported "missing" since May 12. I enclose herewith a copy of his last letter home, which will show you in what mould he is cast. Of course some must lose their lives, and it is surely an honor to be among them.

My youngest son had not written us since May 16; he was attached to the army fighting in Belgium, but we have just had a letter from him telling us that he is wounded and being cared for in a hospital in Northern France. He succeeded in sending us this letter by a most tortuous route, for you must understand that no permission whatever has yet been granted by the "occupying" forces for men to give their families the slightest indication that they are still alive. When you are under the conqueror's boot, you are there totally, and can't make the least motion. Our wounded son has an injury of the right thigh, a complicated fracture of the left femur, and has lost one of his fingers, all this the result of machine gunning. He is in a bad way, has fever, suppuration, and diarrhea; he has not been X-rayed as yet. . . . I shall attempt to have him evacuated to Paris, since Paris is inside the "occupied" zone, in order that better care may be taken of him, for there is surely plenty of room for improvement.

The oldest boy, back in France from Ethiopia,

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has fought a hard campaign. He is safe and sound in the unoccupied zone.

Our fourth son has stayed on in Morocco, despite his having begged to be allowed to come to the French front.

Twenty-one of my nephews have been called to the colors, and of these one died in an airplane crash (he has four children), one is disfigured for life (also with four children), and a certain number have been taken prisoner at various points along the front.

All in all, we have been lucky; our priest has paid the penalty for all of us.

My elder daughter was first put in charge of the infirmary at the railroad station in M———, where she worked very hard; later she organized a reception center for refugees, homeless people, the destitute and prisoners in our own region, which is on a much-traveled escape route.

The younger girl has taken charge of a group of refugee children, who had fled the city for the country and who have twice had to be moved further on. . . .

I myself moved to N———— to take over one of the surgical services at the local hospital which was left vacant by the mobilization of the director of our medical school, but now I have come back to live in the midst of my grandchildren, since the regular doctor on that service has been demobilized.

Our household has served as a haven for quite a number of relatives; at first there were twenty-five of us, eleven being children between the ages of seven months and seven years. Then everything settled down, and today we are only fifteen, of whom two are aged invalids with whom someone has to sit up all night, servants for a variety of reasons having ceased to exist.

Our lives are certainly very strange, "prisoners" as we are; our newspapers are entirely produced by our masters, and we cannot have the least faith in anything we read in them. There are the most glaring contradictions on every one of their pages. Now my mother taught me when I was a little boy that the worst part of a liar is that he does not always tell lies, or always tell them in the same fashion or on the same scale; so the simplest way out is not to bother to read any of these journals. Moreover, it is forbidden —and with handsome penalties—to send a newspaper from the unoccupied region to the occupied. But in any case I simply have no confidence in any freedom of action or speech, almost of thought, in any part of France today, occupied or not.

The best thing is to live on suffrance, content to bear what one cannot prevent, and to husband one's reserves of resistance in order the better to make use of them later on. I am among those who remain and ever will remain unconquered at heart and unconquered in hope; and all those near and dear to me belong to the same species. After every shower the sun comes out once more, and heals the scars of the storm. As one of our good friends pointed out to me—and he is not a Frenchman—up in the mountains the fog is always thickest early in the morning, before dawn, before the moment when the sun, driving every mist away, shines forth in all its glory. So it would be a loss of time to try to get me to confess that I live in a state of misery; I am merely passing through a period of misery, and the essential thing is to keep one's heart, to preserve one's spirit, so that the children—perhaps only the grandchildren—may discover intact and living the old tradition of Christianity which has made us what we are as civilized men.

Remember always that our morale is good, even though physical resistance may diminish, for you play yourself out at that game as the old man said about his old woman. In our sadness—I shall not say in our shame—how happy we are to turn toward friends like you, and how grateful we are that such friends do not abandon us; we are unfortunate people who must not be too greatly blamed, for many among us do not deserve it, and certain of those who tend to be too harsh with us might, in the depths of their own hearts, find some little shadow of remorse by virtue of their bearing a part of the responsibility. We have made many a mistake, and we are indeed guilty, but we have not always been set good examples, and we have to pay for that which in all justice others might have had to share with us.

As a rather special piece of news, I am happy to tell you that the oldest boy, upon returning from Africa, not having had time to marry before leaving for the front, was on May 17 given a special three-day leave, in order to get married. So he arrived from the fighting late one evening, having had no sleep for two nights and not having eaten for thirty-six hours, in order to claim his bride. The wedding took place on the following afternoon, and the morning afterwards we went to R———— where the Archbishop celebrated the nuptial Mass "for the morning after the wedding" in the presence of six persons: the bridal couple, my wife and I, my daughter and one of my daughters-in-law. We then took breakfast at the Archbishop's house, and at two in the afternoon the groom went back to the front. Since then he has not seen his wife again, since she lives in the occupied zone and he hopes to be able to bring her to the unoccupied zone, where he himself is, at least for the time being. Surely no marriage could be any more of a war marriage, could it?

We shall have to put to sleep our sanatorium

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for priests, since out of ninety-eight patients, seventy-eight are in the occupied zone, and it is extremely difficult to meet expenses each month. But everything is more or less asleep today. Some day we shall awaken. . . .

So that's the way things are. And who was it who was thinking of a meeting of our international professional society at New York in September, 1940? Well, of the three Frenchmen who would have attended, one is dead and the other two are merely concerned with living out their misery in silence. . . .

Believe us, dear friends, that we remain,
Yours ever affectionately,
Q————————

January 14, 1945.

VERY DEAR FRIEND: With what pleasure did I receive your postcard, which proves to me that you are still possessed of an "anima aequa," as we used to say in Latin class when we were young. And as you behold the dawn of ultimate victory, your heart rejoices. Surely you must realize that we share precisely the same joy; we are not among those who change, and unhappiness is not calculated to weaken our convictions. Yet what a life we should have had to endure, to the very end of our days! . . .

Enclosed you will find a letter written in 1940, which I had mailed to you and which was returned to me by the post office; I laid it aside for a happier day, and to you, receiving it after long delay, at least it will prove to you that we were thinking about you, and it will make clear to you how we felt almost five years ago.

Since that time, the war has been a heavy burden to us. The priest son, who was then listed as "missing," had been killed on the frontier of Luxemburg on Pentecost Day (May 12), 1940. He had been hastily stuck in the earth with six of his fellow soldiers, and we, his mother, my oldest son and I, have since dug his body up and given him decent burial eighteen months after his cruel loss. My youngest son has had twenty operations (sixteen of them under general anesthesia), and finally pulled through—a wreck. Never have we heard him complain or express the least regret, and his wife has shown equal courage. Last year we lost our daughter who was a nun, after four months of a pulmonary infection the nature of which was never determined. In any case, she is dead. My oldest son, after having fought quite a hard campaign in France, at once went into the Resistance, the moment he was demobilized. He was put in jail by the Gestapo, but succeeded in making his escape. He also was "missing" for ten months, as a matter of prudence, but he reappeared one fine evening at our country home, just before the Normandy campaign, in which he played an active part. He is safe and sound, but terribly tired and aged. In the meanwhile his wife has borne him two sons. And just the other day we were summoned to B————, to the side of our young Captain from Morocco; he had fought gloriously in Italy, only to end up by stepping on a mine in Alsace. He is at present in Paris, hospitalized with an amputated leg, severe cuts on the other thigh, and lacking one of his eyes. But his morale continues splendid. He has been spared to us only because of the devotion of our oldest daughter, who remains at her brother's side constantly, and did this for twenty days without even a chance to change her clothes. Every last one of us is in the war, as you can see.

The children's mother is wonderful; she has borne everything with calm and full serenity, accepting confidently what Providence has chosen for us. Yet I must confess that sometimes the sacrifice seems heavy; before your very eyes to se your children thus crumbling, one after the other, is sadder than I can tell you, and I pray Heaven as much as possible to spare them suffering of the same sort; how much I should prefer, were it possible, to suffer more myself if I could thereby relieve the sufferings of others who may perhaps be less prepared than I to understand that what happens to us is never what we easily can bear but what it is our duty to bear.

All these personal tribulations are nothing compared to what our unhappy country has suffered and is suffering. It is hard to conceive what the German occupation was really like if you did not live through it. Yet I was not oversurprised, for I have known these fellows a long time. I had the honor of being the subject of a special inquiry on their behalf. "Doctor, I have been officially instructed by the German Government to make a report on international medical activities. Naturally I have come to you." Some day in the future I shall tell you in detail all about this interview, during the course of which I was never for a moment abashed. And I had a pretty good idea of what they were after. Of course they really did want me to give them exact information on our international professional society, including all the names and addresses of its members. But since this had already been published in our bulletins, they scarcely needed to have bothered me for the information. But I saw no particular reason for pointing this out to them. What they also wanted were the details of international organization of the various national Catholic medical societies, and since therein we had dealt with moral problems, since, in particular, I had at one of our meetings read a paper on eugenics and materialism, since, moreover, the staff of that Congress as well as those who had participated in discussion of my paper had been thrown into concentration camps, it is pretty

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obvious that they were particularly annoyed at me, personally. Since here again everything had been published, I was scarcely in control of the situation. Indeed I was quite sure that my turn for arrest had come. But in the end they left me alone. With such gentry you sometimes have to know how to use a checkrein; by doing so, you of course risk your skin, but often this is the best means of saving it. Several times during these last four years I have had opportunities to put this line of action to the test, and with success.

And now what does the future hold for us? The total defeat of Germany, of course. But after that? Shall we again make the mistake we made in 1918? Shall we deal with Germany precisely as we might deal with any other people? If we do, our sons will see again what we have seen.

Shall we be wise enough to take the necessary precautions? And will the victors be wise enough to unite in peace as they have been united in war? Shall we all of us be more or less infected with Hitlerism, or shall we preserve intact in our hearts, in our customs, in our political constitutions, in our daily lives a sacred reverence for the freedom of the human person? Will the society of tomorrow be dominated by Christian feeling, or will paganism come out on top?

It is up to each one of us to furnish the answers, by what we personally do, by the fashion in which we live and organize the lives of the disinherited who dwell all around us. If selfishness gets the upper hand there will inevitably be revolts—just revolts. If charity in the finest sense of the word wins out, once again we shall see smiling days, and once again we shall be able in all security to take up the tasks of peace. People like ourselves, who have come to the end of their careers, will not live to see the sequel, but yet we can, I hope, make surmises. May we leave this earth only a little reassured over the fate of those who survive us, whoever they may be, wherever they may come to say.

In the meanwhile, as you always used to say, we must preserve our morale, and if some people have lost all sense of joy in this life, let them at least cling to hope—and not bore their neighbors. That is the least we can ask of them.

Since we are now free to exchange letters, write me and tell me the news of your own great country, which is laboring so hard to reconstruct the world.

Had it not been for England, nazism would have brutalized all the peoples, and had it not been for the United States, England would have fallen under the heavy weight which was crushing her.

Believe me, dear friend,

Ever cordially yours,

Q————.

We add the last letter received from the priest-son, written just before his death at the front, as well as the farewell of another of the sons to his comrades-in-arms.—THE EDITORS.

Pentecost without Mass! For my poor chapel is still in the empty house where I had expected to spend last night quietly and without disturbance.

But our baptism of fire went off very well all the same, even though *I* am now being praised for the fine spirit of my men who, from the very outset, were so calm and brave that every one of them deserves a citation, individually: we held firm until long after dawn, and we alone in this whole sector.

I must admit that the weather, still wonderfully fine, makes things easy; the sunrise this morning was as beautiful as any I have ever seen, full of the song of birds despite all the din, full of peace.

So I greet you all again, and send everyone of you my dearest love.

R————.

To the officers, noncommissioned officers and enlisted men of ————:

This is my farewell message.

A month ago, when I was wounded, I was silly enough to fancy I soon should be well and back in your ranks again.

God has decided otherwise. This wreck (I have no legs and but one eye) will not again have the honor to lead men into battle.

Gentlemen, you realize what a wrench this is for me. And my personal distress is doubled by that of quitting you all, my officers, my noncommissioned officers, my men: I loved you all.

I have often been hard with you: it will not surprise you to hear that I have no regrets. I may have been unjust: if so, I now publicly ask pardon of the man I have injured.

Gentlemen, two counsels I leave you:

First of all, don't do as I did. Do not trust your luck too far. Be as careful of your own person as of your troops.

For the rest, be proud to be as I have known you; warriors, true men.

And—I wish to thank you all for all the joys you gave me. I did not ask to command the ————. Thanks to you that command was a magnificent one.

You remember our trouble in getting going and how at the outset our very existence was threatened. Thanks to you every fence has been vaulted. We have survived. We have served. We have served well.

I cannot say in parting, be brave: we were always that. God keep you.

YOUR CAPTAIN.

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The Screen

Flows Like Water

IT SEEMS impossible for the movies to tell a story about Orientals without going in for the wildest kind of melodrama. We have seen examples again and again—even in pictures that may have been basically sound and well acted: "China," "Behind the Rising Sun," "China Girl," "Dragon Seed."

The latest addition to the series is a William Cagney production vividly named *"Blood on the Sun"* and typically blood-and-thunder in plot. Because its cast, led by two-fisted James Cagney and Sylvia Sydney (who is more beautiful and glamorous than ever in her return to the screen) has been well directed by Frank Lloyd, the film has an air of reality. But "Blood on the Sun," in spite of sincere performances and good production, is just a better-than-usual thriller with entertainment values for them who like this kind of fare. It goes back to Tokyo in 1928 to tell a story steeped in intrigue, conniving and spying in the days when Baron Tanaka was premier of Japan. Nick Condon, the *Tokyo Chronicle's* managing editor (American, tough, wily as played by Cagney) has not only discovered Tanaka's plan for world conquest but he also gets possession of a copy and publishes that part which relates to the crushing of the United States as the first step in conquering China. The Japs are portrayed, throughout most of the film, as a deceitful, unscrupulous lot who would stoop to any dishonorable course to gain their ends. In one case, after killing two Americans, ransacking Nick's apartment and throwing Nick into jail, the Japanese authorities apologetically release him the next day and calmly explain that he was the cause of the whole incident while on a drunken brawl. Miss Sydney's position in these machinations is somewhat ambiguous at first; there is much snappy verbal sparring between her and Cagney before we learn that she can handle the Japs at their own game of duplicity. Her charms and brains are put to good use in spying for Free China. The script (written by Lester Cole from a story by Garrett Fort) sounds like a Richard Harding Davis by way of Jack London. Needless to say, all this has plenty of gore and action—including a realistic hara-kiri scene, a prolonged, brutal fight between Cagney and a Jap strong boy, and a tense finale in which our hero runs to the safety of the embassy under a rain of Jap bullets. His last words, no doubt spoken to us, are in the spirit of the film's attitude toward the Japanese: "Forgive your enemies, but first get even."

If *"Back to Bataan"* could have decided what line to follow and then stuck to it, this might have been a very moving film. It starts out as a realistic documentary showing the rescue of prisoners by the American Rangers and Filipino guerrillas from the Cabanatuan Prison Camp near Manila in January of this year. Some of the men who file past the camera after the raid are those who were actually saved in this exciting and heroic rescue.

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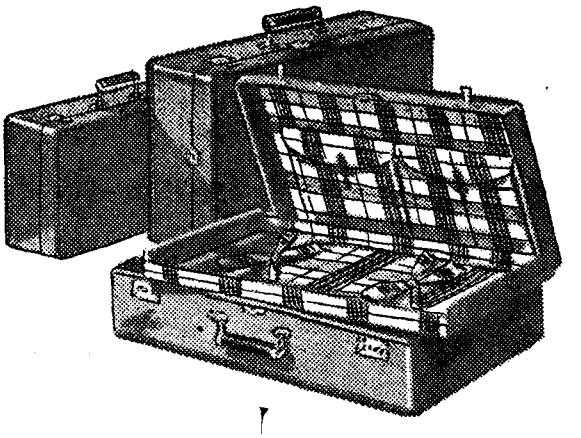

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But in the flashback that follows the film's impressive opening and explains the events that led up to the rescue, Director Edward Dmytryk and the scriptwriters let their imaginations go Hollywood. I have no doubt that many of these incidents may have occurred somewhat as they are visualized: the organization of the Filipino guerrillas by an American colonel (John Wayne), the repeated instances of bravery and daring shown by the Filipinos in resisting the Japs, the Japanese cruelty as evidenced in the torture of a child and the hanging of the school principal who refuses to lower the American flag, even perhaps the romantic interlude between the captain of the Philippine Scouts (Anthony Quinn) and his fiancee (Fely Franquelli), the attractive Philippine movie star who seems to be working for the Japanese by urging her countrymen to surrender when she is really signaling Jap secrets to the Americans. All this may have happened, but as it is portrayed in this movie, with false heroics and a blending of theatrical understatement and hopped up melodramatics, even the truth seems like fantastic fiction. The film means well and succeeds in a few of its sequences in paying honest tribute to the brave Filipinos and the Americans who fought with them and came back to Bataan. But the whole story should have been told in a straightforward, believable manner, minus the histrionics. The film's credit line is too pretentious for a melodramatic thriller of this calibre: "We gratefully acknowledge the cooperation of the United States Army, Navy, Marine Corps and Coast Guard and the Government of the Commonwealth of the Philippines, whose assistance made this picture possible."

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Morgan's Mirror

ANNE FREMANTLE

A SERIES of weekly essays by Charles Morgan began to appear in the *Times Literary Supplement* (London) on October 31, 1942. A volume of selections from them, made by Mr. Morgan and with a brief introduction by him explaining the continuity underlying them, has just been published here by Macmillan under the title "Reflections in a Mirror" ($2.50). Besides his novels, of which "The Fountain" is the most famous, and "The Voyage" the most recent, Mr. Morgan has published a brief biography of George Moore, a play, "The Flashing Stream," which before the war ran in London and is now playing in Paris; a history of the House of Macmillan; a "novelle" "The Empty Room," and an "Ode to France." And always, in verse, in prose, in drama and in criticism (he was the London *Times's* senior dramatic critic for many years) he is concerned with one fundamental problem: the attainment of singleness of mind. All else—the myriad interruptions that beset the artist (or the saint) in his quest for this single-mindedness; the artist's relations to the material world by means of which, through which, and in spite of which he must attain his goal—is incidental. Not to despise the physical body, but to transcend it, he insists in "The Fountain," "is the highest and most difficult art of the saints"; and in his essay "On Being a Prisoner" he quotes Kabir approvingly: "He is the true saint who requireth thee not to close the doors, to hold the breath and to renounce the world, but who teaches thee to be still amongst thine activities." Few men have realized as completely, in their lives, as in their literature, that "Ruhig sein ist die ganze Frage" (to be still is the whole problem)—a remark made by one of whom Mr. Morgan writes "if ever there was a man with title to the name of European, Goethe was that man." In English letters today, Charles Morgan holds a unique position. Generally accepted as the most distinguished writer of English prose alive, he is yet bang in the midst of the main stream of English literature in a way the masters he acknowledges—Walter Pater and George Moore—never were. He gave up motoring (long before the war) because the garage boys said "O.K.," which galled him. And in his essay on "The Uncommon Man" he expresses a dislike of the common man as savage as that of Max Beerbohm in his now famous diatribe. He believes that form, or style, is no artificiality or embroidery, but a "means to truth" and pities the reader who has "plunged through the loose shingle of Theodore Dreiser's prose" thinking that by such a "resounding deed of masochism he had performed a duty to literature." Yet English boys in German prison camps write him fan-mail, and the great "B.P." (British Public) laps him up. He is on the best-seller lists with every book and has a considerable following on this side of the Atlantic as well. Strangest paradox of all, he, with Rosamund Lehmann and Elizabeth Bowen, are the only contemporary English novelists widely read in Europe—he has

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even been a thesis for university doctorates in France!

Unlike Gaul, literate England has always been more simply divided into two parts—those for whom 1066 was the date of the Norman Conquest, and those for whom it was the beginning of the Anglo-Saxon resistance to France and to things French. Charles Morgan, perhaps because he is a Celt, is entirely in love with France, and some of the most moving essays in this book, "The Return of France," "The Idea of Europe," "The Integrity of Pascal" and "Why Birds Sing" are declarations to her of his faith and of his hope.

It is strange that Charles Morgan, an islander, should in many ways be more European in his outlook and in his emphases than another great novelist, a decade or so his junior—Arthur Koestler. For Mr. Morgan never makes the elementary mistake of going shopping for salvation. Besides Grimm's law, there is another absolute, more important even than the alphabet, which Europe's Aryan invaders brought with them from their Sanskrit roots, and have carried, *quasi cursores . . . vitae lampada* on their journeying through time as well as through space, ever since. This is the affirmation, variously made, from the April statements in the Upanishads to Mr. Morgan's latest reassertion ("In Search of Values," "The Abbey," "On Unrelated Knowledge") that the only way out is the way in. "'Tis even in this fathom-long carcass, percipient, intelligent, that I declare to be the genesis of the world, the ceasing of the world, and the way going to the cessation of the world." Thus Buddha. "For He does not say, go to the East, and seek justice, travel far to the West to find peace; where you are, there He is, for to Him Who is everywhere present, one comes by love and not by sail." Thus Augustine. "Each man's draught of experience depends upon the hand he dips in the universal stream, and upon his steadiness, without spilling it, to carry the water to his lips and taste it there." Thus Charles Morgan, whose pattern of thought quietly continues that of Marcus Aurelius and Montaigne. He is so certain of being right that he does not need to shout, that he never argues; every word he writes is "with authority." In the great upheavals of our time he sees a "desire to redefine freedom and order and to restate the relationship between them. The name given to this struggle, when at last a name is given, may well prove to be a heading to the chapter of our times in the history of the world." For him this struggle has been on for a half-century—but surely it began rather with the renaissance and the reformation? He is full of compassion for this unhappy age "so bitterly aware of its inadequacy that it sought wild compensations, organizing itself into groups, or surrendering to the 'leader-principles' as a panic-stricken child will hide its face in the skirt of any passer-by, only to look up presently into the eyes of a forbidding stranger."

Although he approaches politics always as an artist—that is, as an outsider, he is terribly aware of what we must not do in Europe. We must "avoid the schoolmaster's error of assuming that the docile are virtuous." We must be careful not to invite our guest—Europe—to a banquet where all the virtues "are presented to her upon an Anglo-American dish to which she is by nature [like the fable of the Fox and the Stork] unaccustomed and from which she cannot eat." He remarks of the Germans who misrepresent Goethe, that it is their fate "that their materialism always curdles their mysticism," and again "though they build ships well, and fight them gallantly, they have never understood them, and what profit Shelley had in sailing paper boats their scholarship is wondering still." (Mr. Morgan was a sailor throughout the last war, except for the period of his internment in Holland; and in this war rejoined the Navy, working at the Admiralty.)

By far the best essays in this book—possibly the best things he has yet written—are on Emily Brontë, Turgeniev, and "On Being a Prisoner." He has always been fascinated by death—his "Sparkenbroke" is the story of a man "in love with dusty death"—and his analysis of the ambivalence of Emily's feelings toward hers rings true. "Death appeared to her in one aspect, as an end of the blissful torture she would not have lessened; in another aspect, as a possible reversal of her failures, an opportunity to be 'really with and in' the supreme familiar spirit. She did not know whether to dread death as a cessation, or to desire it as an opportunity." There is something here of the Curé d'Ars: "c'est si triste de faire sa dernière communion." He admires Emily's absolute acceptance of her duties at the parsonage, for he sees she clung to them "as visionary and contemplative men cling always to the discipline that they have cultivated as an enablement of their vision. Never did feminine genius whine less against household drudgery." For the same reason he himself welcomed being a prisoner; and half envies those who are prisoners now. For chance, or the fortune of war, gives them the frame, the limitation, the outward discipline other men must spider-like spin from contemporary circumstance.

In discussing Thomas Hardy's tragic vision of life, Mr. Morgan says it was his "because his reason, having taken from him his ancestral faith . . . left him emotionally desiring, with a kind of filial passion, what his mind forbade." And, in his final summing up, he says that mankind cannot find its way out of the universal wood so long as "the nature and indeed the existence of the wood go unrecognized." In his refuting of Tolstoy's solution (for all his sympathy with it) he explains further: "The key to the problem seems to be in men's certainty that they must die, which produces in them a desire to transcend death, manifested in the religious and in the reproductive instincts. It produces also a desire to intensify life itself . . . if they fear solitude, to organize themselves in groups and masses, or if they are by nature individualistic, to be hedged into external submission by their passionate longing for inward peace."

Perhaps if Mr. Morgan had actually been born French, he would have avoided the "elephants I have shot" approach of which he is sometimes guilty when the "elephant and his loves" would have been more suitable. He praises Emily Brontë for being "unembarrassed by the curse of humor, which, when found in a tragic writer,

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is often equivalent to destructive self-consciousness." Now this may be true in England—George Eliot and Hardy might be better without their fun; perhaps even Shakespeare? but emphatically it is not true of Ibsen, Heine, Chekov, Strindberg or Proust. Parts of "The Abbey" read like a graduation-day set speech; Mr. Morgan's patriotism can be a trifle prosy—yet one feels it would translate magnificently into French. His very wit is somewhat Gallican: of the censors he writes "how their ears must ache with the draught of keyholes," of Tennyson, that they are wrong who regard him as "a tame cat who will be content to purr while they stroke his pentameters."

But perhaps the only real reproach one can make Mr. Morgan is that, never having been lost, it may be harder for him to be saved. Arthur Koestler is so often wrong and never do his sentences ring with that inescapable, if slightly smug "how right I was" that clarions from every phrase of "Reflections in a Mirror." But perhaps because Mr. Morgan has never surrendered any pass, or of the mind, the spirit or the letter, because he has never "fought and run away," one wonders a little if he has ever suffered? Saint Teresa of Lisieux once begged of God that she might love Him as much as if she had been a great sinner He had pardoned. That is heroic humility.

Saint Thomas

YVES R. SIMON

IN ORDER to do justice to the magnificent work achieved by Professor Pegis* in a comparatively short time, it is indispensable to bear in mind the difficulties involved in the translation of scholastic language. Whereas a book written in a vernacular can be adequately translated into another vernacular, a book written in a scholastic language can never be adequately translated into any vernacular. The language of Saint Augustine is the vernacular of his time and admits of beautiful translations in the vernaculars of our time; but the translation of scholastic writings in vernacular inevitably looks odd, stiff, occasionally clumsy and dull.

A language developed by academic people for the purposes of teaching, learned expositions, and discussions among scholars, a language used exclusively *on the campus* and never *on the marketplace,* bears a number of features which make for inelegant translations in languages spoken on the marketplace. The scholastic writer uses stereotyped expressions lavishly. There is no reason why he should bother about variety in the way he formulates questions, recalls principles, presents distinctions or divisions, introduces and concludes discussions, or phrases transitions. A scholastic language implies a set of conventions concerning the use of words whose meaning can be specified in diverse ways. Such conventions are generally unexpressed, on account of their very familiarity among scholars. When the scholastic writing is translated into vernacular, the fact that these conventions remain unexpressed brings about obscurity and confusion. A scholastic language comprises many technical expressions for which there are no equivalents in literary language; even the current language of modern philosophers happens to be deficient, since many of the most valuable concepts worked out by medieval scholastics were lost sight of at the time when modern philosophic languages were formed. These handicaps are aggravated by the fact that the style of Saint Thomas shows a complete lack of interesting color. As a scientific thinker, Saint Thomas distrusts metaphors; as a writer, he underrates the help they give the mind in forming concepts; he uses few examples and the examples he uses are often too trivial to be provocative. This lack of color is taken for granted when we read the original; it is much more disturbing when it affects a language in which we are accustomed to experience the stimulating power of colorful expression.

Concerning the use of a translation of Saint Thomas, let it be perfectly clear that those who want to do advanced work in philosophy and theology are under obligation to become thoroughly familiar with the Latin original. No translation can substitute for the original when the question is to develop a technical understanding of Thomism. Every philosophy major must be given to realize that he is wasting his time and missing his goal if he contents himself with a translation. The best time-saving device is to achieve as soon as possible enough familiarity with the original to find it incomparably more intelligible than any translation. Yet a translation can be very useful to the technically trained student of Saint Thomas: while he is still unfamiliar with Latin, a translation helps to speed up the pace of his approach; later, it will be profitably consulted for the discussion of particular difficulties; when perfect mastery of the original is achieved, a good translation is still of help inasmuch as it provides means of expression and fresh stimulation.

But not only philosophy majors are interested in Saint Thomas. It is now rather generally admitted that cultured persons ought to be acquainted with Saint Thomas just as they ought to be acquainted with Plato, Saint Augustine or Leibniz. For the purposes of general culture the reading of the original is not indispensable and a translation supplements nicely the information obtained through indirect sources. Finally, a translation can render invaluable service to the increasingly numerous persons who expect of Saint Thomas enlightenment and guidance in the spiritual way. These persons can rarely afford to read the original; they often achieve such profundity and develop such a demand for exact knowledge that indirect sources leave them dissatisfied. Many of them will be grateful to Professor Pegis for having made easily available the treasuries of sacred truth contained in the basic writings of Saint Thomas.

The selection made by Professor Pegis is inspired by very sound principles. Professor Pegis presents to the reader whole treatises, and thus avoids most of the disadvantages of an incomplete publication. The First

*Basic Writings of Saint Thomas Aquinas. Edited and Annotated with an Introduction by Anton C. Pegis. Two Volumes. Random. $7.50.

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Part of the "Summa Theologica" makes up his first volume. The second volume includes most of the Third Book of the "Contra Gentes," the whole First Part of the Second Part of the "Summa Theologica" and the essentials of the Treatise "On Faith" (from the Third Part of the "Summa Theologica").

In our opinion, this translation reads just as well as a translation of Saint Thomas can be expected to read. It is remarkably accurate. The problem of the technical expressions is felicitously dealt with, except in one case which I wish to point out. One of the scholastic concepts which were lost sight of when modern philosophic languages were formed is the concept of *habitus*. This concept commands to a large extent the understanding of Thomistic psychology, of the Thomistic philosophy of knowledge, and plays an all-important part in moral theology. Now it is a matter of fact, whether we like it or not, that there is no word for *habitus* in English (or in French, or in German, or in Spanish). Three possibilities are left: keeping the Latin *habitus,* coining a new word, using the English word which looks most like *habitus,* i.e. *habit*. Usage hardly allows an English-speaking philosopher to coin new words, so we practically have to choose between *habit* and *habitus,* an inadequate English word and an adequate Latin word, which would easily become a good English one, if we were not afraid to use it. After many others, Professor Pegis translates *habitus* by *habit,* thus making the concept of habitus unintelligible to those who do not know that *habit,* in his translation, stands for *habitus*. *Habit* simply does not signify the same thing as *habitus*. Science is a habitus, it would be ridiculous to say that it is a habit; an infused virtue is a habitus, it would be contradictory to say that it is a habit. In case it were argued that by using the word *habit* in the sense of *habitus* we shall broaden its meaning in such a way as to have it convey the concept of habitus in addition to that of habit, I would observe that the two concepts are so related that we indispensably need two words in order to express their relationships and their distinction. If I have only one word for the two concepts, how could I express such unquestionable truths as: *No habitus is a habit; many habitus use habits as their proper instruments?* Once a candidate for the matser's degree was asked by an examiner whether there are bad intellectual habits. The poor fellow could never get out of his confusion. The only proper answer would have been: If by *habit* you mean habit, there are plenty of them; if by *habit* you mean habitus, never heard of any. But why should we entertain such confusion in the mind of candidates and examiners? If a railroad employee is not afraid to use the word *terminus,* why should a philosopher be afraid to use the word *habitus?*

The translation of the basic writings of Saint Thomas is preceded by an introduction in which Professor Pegis expounds profound and provocative views on medieval trends of thought and the meaning of Saint Thomas's synthesis. Research workers will appreciate a very complete system of references. The index is a magnificent piece of work.

It is hardly necessary to point out the significance of Professor Pegis's publication from the point of view of the history of ideas in our time. Here are two big volumes, 2276 pages altogether. That such an enterprise was deemed commercially possible, in time of war and by a company serving the general public, is extremely remarkable. While the present circulation is badly limited on account of the shortage of paper, it is known that orders have already reached a high figure. The debunkers of American civilization, who enjoy so much making fun of astronomical figures concerning toothbrushes, radio-sets, books of popular science, national income, refrigerators, oil-burners and digests, will have to recast their philosophy in order to interpret suitably one more astronomical figure, this one relative to the basic writings of Saint Thomas. The fact that the general public has developed an ardent interest in Saint Thomas does not mean that the struggle for the revival of Thomism is won, and that the future of the new Thomistic movement is now safely assured. The interest shown by the public does not compensate for our many failures in the all-important task of furthering and expanding the doctrinal life of Thomism by applying its principles and instruments to the problems of our time. Yet the fulfilment of this task becomes less improbable, as the students of Saint Thomas increase in number.

Editors' Choice

THE WORLD, THE FLESH AND FATHER SMITH. *Bruce Marshall. Houghton.* $2.50.
THE LEPER KING. *Zofia Kossak. Roy.* $2.50.
THE WAYFARERS. *Dan Wickenden. Morrow.* $2.75.

A New Scottish Curate

THE AUTHOR of "Father Malachy's Miracle" has given us a novel of clerical life which is even better than his first great success. It is better because the canvas is broader and the treatment more deeply serious, though nowhere does he lose his delicacy and charm and lightness of touch. In less than 200 pages we have the whole priestly life of Father Smith, a man scarcely marked by heroic sanctity but certainly zealous and good and deeply human. But not only do we have Father Smith's life; we are made the intimates of the life in that family which constitutes the clergy of any small diocese. None of the members of this family are saints either, although they can be heroic when there is need for heroism. All of them have their foibles, even the Bishop, who on his deathbed comes very close to sanctity.

The setting, of course, is Scotland—not one of her largest cities, but rather a place about the size of Dundee, with a certain amount of country surrounding it. Catholics are not numerous; most of them are of Irish origin, and poverty is the general rule. Occasionally some member of the local aristocracy is converted, or some young person goes out into the world and makes a fortune. But the general routine is poverty amidst a certain hostility from the Scotch Protestants. One of the most subtle things Bruce Marshall has succeeded in conveying is the gradual abatement of this hostility between the year when his story begins (1908) and the present. Indeed what he has written is not so much a novel in the ordinary

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sense as a piece of fictional biography in which only the characters are imaginary. One doubts, even, whether the characters are completely imaginary, apart from their names. In other words, we are presented with the history of a definite sequence of years and the impact of events and movements of thought upon the mind of a Scottish Catholic priest during those years. Some may accuse Mr. Marshall of having idealized his subject; the accusation would probably be unfounded, for although there undoubtedly have been in Scotland less admirable priests than Father Smith, that is no compelling reason for an author to write about them. Nor should anyone get the idea that Mr. Marshall hesitates for an instant to describe and meditate upon the seamier side of life as a priest sees it, and with all the fulness in which a priest is bound to be aware of it.

All in all, "The World, the Flesh and Father Smith" is the best novel of Catholic clerical life to have appeared since the days of Canon Sheehan. There may be some readers who simply do not like novels of clerical life, but this class apart, it is difficult to conceive of anyone—Catholic, Protestant or unbelieving—who will not enjoy every page of this book and some pages of it mightily.

Saints Are Few

JUDGING from the two historical novels of hers published in English thus far in this country, Zofia Kossak has hit upon a literary formula which she exploits quite well. The first of these translations dealt with the times of Saint Francis of Assisi; her current volume, "The Leper King," revolves around life in the Christian kingdom of Jerusalem just before Saladin overthrew it. Her formula is to contrast the attitudes of the generality of the population, particularly of men of wealth and power, with the holy men and holy things which sursounded them at the height of the Middle Ages. It explains much.

Mme. Kossak, whose whereabouts are unknown since she escaped from a German concentration camp, is particularly good at making sanctity, love of God, or even more than ordinary virtue, believable. She does so with an economy of phrase. She is almost as successful in portraying the life and views of the profane, even though their motivation is not always adequate to explain them. The cynicism, ambition and insensitiveness of most of those charged with the protection of the Holy Sepulchre is tragic to contemplate. Besides exploiting this contrast to the limit, Mme. Kossak arouses considerable sympathy for such pathetic figures as the Leper King himself, Baldwin IV, who died before reaching maturity. His gradual discovery of his pitiful condition and the loathing he inspired even in his most intimate family were an insufferable burden—not to mention the terrifying progress of his disease. It is only when the author touches upon the mysterious orgies on the Mount of Evil that her narrative fails to hit it off. Her books make for better understanding of the Middle Ages. Almost any reader who goes in at all for historical novels should take a look at this one.

The Lost and Almost Lost

FOR ALL those who did not experience it personally in some way, the depression of the thirties has lost much of its former terrors. Our sensibilities have been subjected for so long to accounts of human cruelties and human miseries in other countries, and more recently to American losses overseas. The fact that for several years some ten million and more able Americans were involuntarily unemployed is now too much of a cold statistic; the effects of current bombs and flames, of tortures and starvation, of mines and shells are much more immediate and devastating. It is probably a mistake to read too much of a social purpose into a competent modern novel, but Dan Wickenden's "The Wayfarers" does perform one useful function just at this time in making the effects of protracted unemployment so poignantly evident as in the case of one Charlie Norris.

Charlie is only the most harried of several characters who have found life in midwest depression America too much for them. He was maladjusted from the start. So, was the heel reporter, Vincent O'Rourke, catalytic agent for Charlie's final crack-up. And Delores, Charlie's profligate wife, and Carola, Vincent's older evil genius. Despite a few creaky passages at critical moments, the story is so actual that the principal actors often stir up strong emotions. For Charlie, and for his buffeted and undaunted father, pity and ever greater pity. For Vincent and Carola and Delores scorn—yet even for them moments of a certain sympathy. And it is a novel which makes degradation actually revolting and calls things by their coarse right names. In short, a modern tragedy which often tears at the emotions and sees that poetic justice is worked out.

In writing about the America of those years it is difficult to leave out the approaching storm from overseas. It is to Mr. Wickenden's credit that he does not overstress, as most of his contemporaries do, the after-the-fact political predictions in which his characters occasionally indulge; they come in rather naturally. Mr. Wickenden also has a "feel" for the poetry in nature and the raptures of young love which occasionally supplies a welcome counterweight to his grim unfolding, in which the inevitable tragedy is too plainly labeled, too well prepared. Few novels now appearing give a satisfying picture of contemporary American life; without making environment the focus, "The Wayfarers" is a good deal more convincing than most.

More Books of the Week

The Lambs. A Story of Pre-Victorian England. Katharine Anthony. Knopf. $3.50.

IN THE assembly of English literature, in a small corner, sit two slightly shabby figures: a dowdy old lady in a dark silk dress and large bonnet and a pleasant little gentleman in a black coat—not very new—and the knee breeches his smarter friends had long discarded. One might guess them to be the "Poor Relations" of whom Charles Lamb wrote so pungently but for the respect paid them by the glittering assemblage. But even if Elia's "Essays" are still read and "Rasselas" is not, Lamb's literary standing is as much conditioned by his personality as is Dr. Johnson's. Of Lamb's verbal wit, for which his stammer served as emphasis, we can catch but the echo. There was the importunate belle with languishing eyes who begged Mr. Lamb for an epigram: "Y-your eyes, Y-your eyes," a hesitation, then staccato, "are both of a size!" But teasing was his sharpest barb. If Johnson's ticket to Parnassus was wisdom and wit, Lamb's was wit and charity. Never

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were friends welcomed or entertained with such kindliness as at the Lambs. By their warm fire, it was difficult to remember the grim tragedy locked in their hearts and fortunately everyone did seem able to forget that the gentle, intelligent spinster in the mob cap was a manic-depressive who, in her first seizure, had killed her mother with a carving knife. Her brother, if ever he did face the fact that the same fate might be his, never revealed any dread of it. Every so often for the next fifty years, Mary Lamb would have to be driven off to a nursing home and a strait-jacket. Once Coleridge, a guest in the house, was her escort.

The Lambs's story makes one question the superiority of modern progress. There is small doubt but that if Miss Lamb had been living in our century, she would have spent the rest of her life in an asylum for the criminally insane. As it was, a simple verdict of "lunacy," pronounced by the coroner's jury and confirmed by the Home Secretary, eliminated all question of the costly and notorious trial she would have had to face today. Confided to the care of her brother, Mary was placed in a private nursing home—the alternative to Bedlam—and so soon as her attacks were spent, she was free to return home without any red tape or court action. The London newspapers of the eighteenth century were even considerate enough of the Lambs's feelings to print the story of the murder without giving the name or address of the victim. Another enlightened phase of the earlier century was that Lamb's hours as clerk with the East India Company were from 10:00 a.m. to 4:00 p.m., for which he received a salary of 730 Pounds ($3,650), and retired on a pension of 430 Pounds ($2,150), which would have been the equivalent of twice or three times as much today. It seems to have been the introduction of machinery which lengthened rather than shortened working hours with a business pressure which shattered the leisure of a better ordered life. Nor did the period seem to have been obsessed with the snobbery which sprang up with mushroom fortunes. No gossip columns seem to have twitted Charles Lamb about his father being a valet. Indeed Charles owed his education at the "Blue Coat School" to his father's master, and spent his holidays with a great aunt who was so respected as a housekeeper in the Plumer family that, after the mistress of Blakesware Hall died, the heirs kept the old house open for the comfort of the housekeeper. Such courteous consideration obviously lessened any service problems.

Miss Anthony, who has an agreeable, readable style, if sometimes repetitious, expends her enthusiasm on the intelligence and unselfishness of Mary whose "Tales from Shakespeare" are the legacy to all children. Mary who taught herself Latin and loved scholarship, forced herself to be a "mantua maker," a seamstress, to help her younger brother and parents and probably overworked herself into her mental catastrophe. She acquired French and Italian when middleaged and loved to educate young people; Hazlitt, Hollingshead of the Gaiety Theater and a female Shakespearean scholar owed much to her tutoring. In an essay for the *British Ladies Magazine,* Mary suggested that needlework be restricted to those who must earn their own living because the current craze for it in fashionable circles not only deprived many poor women of employment but blighted the culture of the young ladies of leisure who were left with no time for reading. She also often urged "tenderness" in the care of the insane, and Charles became a trustee of one of the first enlightened institutions. It was Mary who encouraged Charles in his writing and returned his loyalty with a devoted companionship. Miss Anthony suggests the possibility of a consciousness of an ugly connotation in their relationship which seems to me completely unnecessary. She also seems to blame them for trying to forget poor Mary's matricide. Unfortunately she seems to be inaccurate in suggesting Charles' fondness for the Jews as they seem to have been the object of his one prejudice. She is not particularly interested in Elia and considers the most important of Lamb's letter is his polemic with Southey who had suggested that Elia needed "sounder religious feeling." To Miss Anthony this letter proves that Lamb did not belong to the "more respectable and conservative elements of society," but that it was his "defense of the true spirit of man, his tirade against superstition and repression." She finds this to be "the old Lamb that is permanently interesting." The whole dispute to me seems pretty puerile. The occasion for it was Elia's essay on "Witches and Other Night Fears" in which he cites the strange case of little T. H. (Thornton Hunt) who had never been told any ghostly stories but still had horrible dreams. Southey believed that the moral was that the child had not been taught to say his prayers—a moral omitted by Elia. Lamb's answer was a rambling avowal of his serious principles, an encomium of his friends, a diatribe against the Established Church for charging admission to the Abbey and St. Paul's, and a reminder that Southey was himself quite a self-elected Court Poet to Beelzebub by making constant sport of the Devil in his poems which were so often founded on Catholic legends. "You pick up pence by showing the hallowed bones, shrine and crucifix and you take money a second time by exposing the trick of them afterwards." Thus "showing a fair pair of Protestant heels under a Romish vestment." Which all seems rather far removed from Thornton Hunt's night prayers!

Lamb himself was a Unitarian, but at the end of his life accused the Unitarians of robbing him of "two thirds of his God." As he phrased it, "with a taste for religion rather than a strong religious habit," Lamb once wrote to a fellow clerk, "I have known the importance and reality of a religious belief and still retain at bottom a conviction of the truth and a certainty of the usefulness of religion." To Coleridge he added, "Few but laugh at me for reading my Testament."

Lamb's life of gentle heroism with his sister evidently left its mark on his countenance. De Quincey notes that if Charles took wine at dinner "there passed over him a brief eclipse of sleep like a golden haze," and that his face then assumed "an expression almost seraphic, from its intellectual beauty of outline, its childlike simplicity and its benignity." When Mary, suffering one of her attacks, was shown her brother lying dead, "she observed on his beauty when asleep." It was the badge of that felicity in the art of living which winged his words. I rarely subscribe to Mr. Lamb's opinions but always delight in his expression of them. E. V. R. WYATT.

A Price For Peace. Antonin Basch. Columbia. $2.50.

TO ensure a lasting peace, the United Nations must devote much of their collective effort to economic problems. Cardinal among these is the rebuilding of a European economy looking to an expanding world trade. For, as the author shows, only such a policy of expansion

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can provide employment at a high level, rising standards of productivity and living, and economic security. Professor Basch, a recognized authority on continental economy, offers a broad program designed to implement these aims. This involves a multilateral trade convention, aimed at the effective elimination of all barriers to international trade. Such a convention, furthermore, should lay down rules for uninhibited trade between countries where private enterprise prevails, and those where foreign trade is under the egis of the state. Finally, Professor Basch would set up international machinery to conduct continuous studies of problems of world trade and to offer practical solutions.

A highlight of this book is its discussion of the problem of Germany. Unlike most prevailing viewpoints today, the author's program for her economic disarmament aims at ultimately bringing a properly transformed German economy into genuine cooperation with the rest of the world. This entails not the complete de-industrialization of Germany, but, rather, a *shift* in her industrial structure from one of self-sufficiency to a dependence on the import of most war-potential commodities.

Economically, the world is interdependent. For Americans, therefore, the problem of a revitalized European economy is both crucial and immediate. To postpone the economic settlement is to reinact the tragic blunders of the 1920's, with open economic warfare, the base for another world conflict. Congressional and vested-interest snipers at the reciprocal trade treaties, the Bretton Woods proposals and the Economic and Social Council of the nations, as envisaged at Dumbarton Oaks, should remember the lessons of the past—and should be made to read books like this excellent one. HARVEY J. BRESLER.

Christian Denominations. Konrad Algermissen. Herder. $7.50.

THERE can be no question that the Reverend Doctor Algermissen has provided us with a useful reference volume in his "Christian Denominations." It is hard to imagine anyone reading it through, for it is dully written. But for reference it is invaluable, since it possesses an excellent index and covers substantially all the proliferation of sects which have sprung from the central doctrine of Christianity. The first half of the book is an elaborate discussion of this central doctrine and its growth through the centuries; the second half concerns the fragments which have either split off directly from the main body, or else have split off other fragments. This, of course, is the most valuable portion of the book. Father Algermissen is thoroughly sound and charitable in his attitude. A single sentence will serve as demonstration of this: "The view which sees in Luther the stainless and model saint who, aroused by the ecclesiastical abuses of his time, restored Christianity in its pristine apostolic content, is not less crude and childish than the opposite view, which sees Luther as the type of lustful and apostate monk." Indeed Father Algermissen does not hesitate to express his profound admiration for the selflessness and devotion of various founders of Protestant sects. Such an attitude deserves support and applause. One is only regretful that he approaches the whole subject with very little profundity of spiritual or psychological insight and that he has been (or been translated) in a style which repels. But to his fairness and his vast labor, and to that of the translator and publisher, we are all indebted, since no reference work of this sort has hitherto been available.

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The Inner Forum

On the Liturgy

THE Liturgical Conference of 605 North Michigan Boulevard, Chicago 11, Ill., has just brought out its inspiring summary, "National Liturgical Week, 1944." This 175-page booklet includes both the principal papers read at the Fifth Annual Liturgical Week held in New York, December 27 to 29, and at the Liturgical Conference meeting, which took place at St. Meinrad's Abbey, St. Meinrad, Ind., October 3 to 5, 1944. At the New York meeting, at which Archbishop Spellman presided, many aspects of the liturgy were discussed, but all radiated around the theme "Liturgy and Catholic Life." Speakers gave special emphasis to the problems in city and rural parishes as such. At St. Meinrad's, papers by various experts related the liturgy to such matters as orthodox belief, Catholic life and the Word of God. A highly useful appendix in this booklet is entitled "What to Read"; this section has as its chief categories, general works, devotional, the Mystical Body of Christ, the Mass, the liturgical year, the Divine Office, sacraments and sacramentals, ceremonies, liturgical music and liturgical art. And each of these categories is sub-divided into readings for beginners, intermediate and advanced.

★

The English Liturgy Society, whose treasurer is Rev. S. J. Gosling, the Priest's House, Alton, Stoke-on-Trent, England, is now bringing out a small bulletin, *The English Liturgist,* which sells for fourpence. The April issue editorially defines the object of the society: "We do not 'stand' for anything, in the sense of 'stand and deliver.' We are pleading, as we have said all along, for a greater use of the vernacular in the public prayers, the rites and ceremonies of the Church, because we believe that the faithful through hearing and using their mother-tongue in their religious exercises will become better instructed in Catholic doctrine and more familiar with the spirit of Catholic worship. How far the use of English should go is not for us to say; that will be settled by the competent ecclesiastical authority . . ."

Donald Attwater contends that it is not the province of the Popes to run "ahead of current norms in these matters." This is rather "the privilege and grave responsibility of the rank and file of clergy and laity. . . . If and when there is a considerable and responsible element in the Church convinced of the desirability of this change, and able to support its conviction with cogent arguments, then, I dare to believe, the Holy See will be found taking it into account." The ultimate object is "that all the faithful shall worship with mind and heart and voice."

CONTRIBUTORS

Anne FREMANTLE has edited historical documents and has written both fiction and biography published in her native England.
Yves R. SIMON teaches philosophy at Notre Dame University, Notre Dame, Ind.
E. V. R. WYATT is drama critic for the *Catholic World.*
Harvey J. BRESLER is a New York executive and lawyer who has served overseas in AMG and has contributed to such periodicals as the *New Republic, Books* and the *Political Science Quarterly.*

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